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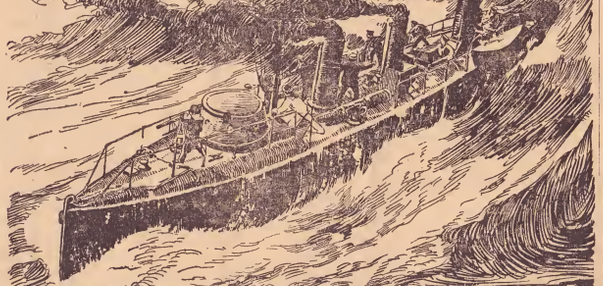
WHEN SEAMEN START SLINGING SHOT



(Specially Written for The Family Herald and Weekly Star's War Series.)

It is no longer quite correct to describe man-'o-war's men as sailors!

Ships no longer sail! The Jack Tar with tarry hands, and tobacco quid who gives "his trousers a peculiar hitch," and uses strange oaths like "Shiver my Timbers," is extinct as the dodo in naval vessels!

The men of the navy are to-day the most scientific, and most versatile of all fighting men. They have to be trained in the use of virtually every weapon employed in the organized killing of men, from revolvers to torpedoes 20 feet long and 18 inches across, from bayonets to the thrust of a steel prow ahead of a driving power of some thousands of tons.

The potential power of a Dreadnought has been likened to that of 50,000 men,—which is not an exaggeration,—and it represents the sum total of the armament of the ship plus the trained fighting ability of the seamen who control it.

"It may now be said that never in the history of the world has more vital consequence hung upon the issue of one decisive battle upon the sea than to-day. No one can fail to realize how differently the recent war in the Far East would have terminated if the battle of the Sea of Japan had had a different issue. Can any one picture in other than sombre hues the situation if our fleet were to be defeated in a struggle with a foreign power?" Thus forcibly does an Admiral who has seen service put it, in an article soon to be printed in a magazine.

He goes on to remark: "In the somewhat distant past a fleet was a tactical unit composed essentially of a number of similar fighting ships, line-of-battle ships, with perhaps a few frigates, the eyes of the fleet, as Nelson called them. Two such fleets would come in sight of each other, and at comparatively short distances apart manoeuvre for position, with reference to the wind mostly, and then come together in a terrific grapple, one generally making the offensive attack running down before the wind, and the other awaiting the attack close-hauled; and the battle would frequently end in fighting yard-arm to yard-arm, and even boarding and hand-to-hand fighting."

Modern Gunnery.

It is the terrible size and range of naval artillery that has made the difference between fighting in Nelson's day, and naval warfare as we have it now.

The earliest cannons for use at sea appear to have been introduced in 1346. They were very different from their modern descendants being merely hooped iron bars with a very small bore, through which stone balls were fired. It was not until a couple of centuries later that naval guns began to be of real practical use, and the first important English ship to carry them was the Henry Grace a Dieu.

It is a long stride from the Henry Grace a Dieu to the Super-Dreadnought of Great Britain's naval battle lines with her immense guns throwing 1,250 pounds of metal some fifteen miles or so.

At the time of the Russo-Japanese War several ships on either side were armed with 12-inch guns, but these were not of the same size or power as those of the early Dreadnoughts in the British and other navies. There are other ways of obtaining a gun of enhanced power than by increasing the diameter of the bore.

In our own British service, the ships of 1905 were being armed with a 12-inch gun of 40 calibres—that is to say, the length of the gun was forty times the diameter of the bore, or 480 inches. The first Dreadnoughts, however, those of 1906-07, have 12-inch guns of 45 calibres; while those launched from 1908 to 1910 have 50-calibre weapons. In these steps of advance one of the main objects has been to increase the amount of bursting charge carried by the projectile, and thereby to add to the extent of the damage which could be inflicted. The weight of the cordite charge rose from the 155 pound of the 40-calibre gun to the 285 lbs. of the 50-calibre weapon.

The calibre it may be explained is the diameter of a gun's bore, and the statement that a gun is of 40-calibre means that its length is 40 times the width across the gun's bore at the muzzle.

Largest Guns Afloat.

No doubt the chief reason of the unwillingness of the German Dreadnoughts to meet the British fleet is derived from fear of what is likely to result, since no German ship carries anything larger than a 12-inch gun throwing projectiles weighing 980 pounds, whereas our big ships are armed with 13.5 weapons which hurl 1250 pounds. It is an open secret that on some of our ships huge guns sanctioned by Parliament in that year. Mr. Churchill, who came to the Admiralty two years later, has said that he does not believe there was in recent times any more daring, and certainly no more successful, step taken in naval policy than this. In the 13.5-inch gun, as compared with the newest 12-inch, the weight was increased from 65 to 76 tons, and the weight of projectile from 850 to 1250 pounds. The later type fires a shell of 1400 pounds.

We have now in our British service thirteen battleships and battle cruisers armed with 13.5-inch guns, firing shells of 1400 pounds have been mounted.

At 3000 yards, about a mile and three-quarters the awful missile of the 13.5 inch gun pierces 11 inches of solid, hardened Krupp steel. The ordinary German gun mounted on nearly all ships is the 11-inch which flings a projectile weighing 760 pounds only, with a greatly inferior power of penetration.

"Why, they're firing steam boilers at us!" was the cry of the chief gunner of the doomed privateer "Alabama," when the U.S.S. Kearsage assailed her with six inch guns at the fateful fight off Cherbourg in France.

Truly a shell 13 or 14 inches in diameter, that is over 3 feet 3 inches or 3 feet 6 inches in circumference would be about as imposing a visitor to a vessel as a "steam boiler," falling from the heavens. And, its explosive value reckoned in, of a thousand times more dangerous a character than even a lightning flash.

In 1909, the far-reaching advance was made of the adoption of the 13.5-inch gun for six of the eight big ships while no other European Power has a single completed vessel mounting a heavier gun than 12-inch.

Directing the Fire.

High up the mast of British warships close observation will show a pill-box like structure commonly known as the "Scott director." From this vantage point by the inventive genius of Admiral Sir Percy Scott an officer calculates the speed of his and the enemy's vessel, the distance, the elevation, etc, and controls by electric connection the fire of every gun on board.

A British naval expert whose name is withheld for strategic reasons gave out the following bit of history in an article written a few days ago.

"Some fourteen years ago, Mr. A. H. Follen was a guest on board the cruiser Dido, and saw her carrying out firing practice at a range of 1400 yards; but it occurred to him as strange that while at that time a 4.7-inch gun on shore at the defence of Ladysmith was being used to silence the Boer "Long Tom" at a distance of five miles, here at sea a similar gun was being used at a range of less than one mile. The reason given him was that practice could not be made at a longer range for want of an accurate range-finder.

"On investigation, however, he found that other elements entered into the calculation, and discovered that if two ships were approaching one another at a combined speed of 50 knots, and the first shot was fired at a range of 10,000 yards, the range would have altered by nearly half a mile while a 6-inch projectile was in the air. In other words, to hit a moving ship so far away, the shot must be aimed at a position ahead of her, not at the place she occupied at the moment of firing; the speed of both vessels and the time taken by the projectile having to be allowed for.

"After years of investigation and experiment along this line, Mr. Follen has produced scientific instruments for ascertaining the speed and course of the enemy's ship, and aiming automatic. Others have been active in the same direction, so that to-day there are "rate-of-change clocks" and similar technical appliances which make it possible for a ship to keep on firing with the certainty of hitting her enemy although the latter cannot be seen owing to smoke and the like."

In the latest pre-Dreadnoughts, only half of the 9.2-inch and 6-inch guns mounted could be fired on either broadside. In the Dreadnought herself and her immediate successors, only eight of the ten 12-inch guns could be trained on either side. But in the Orion and later ships—all the vessels, that is, which have 13.5-inch guns—the whole of the heavy guns can fire on either beam at the same time. In other words, no less than five-and-a-half tons of metal can be hurled at once from one ship on to the same target at a distance of over five miles. The best ship of the pre-Dreadnought era could not discharge more than two tons of metal, and the Dreadnought can only fire a broadside of three tons.

In Actual Battle.

Though the range of a ships guns is from 15 to 17 miles, the effective striking distance of a modern ship is more like five miles, at which distance the fight would probably be begun.

At this point the range-finders could be utilized, their target being simply the outline of the enemy's ship, and our naval gunners are capable of wonderful marksmanship at this distance.

The enemy draws nearer, until it is possible to make out the positions of her enemy's conning towers and barbettes. These form her next points of attack, and on them she drops her projectiles.

As the two ships approach one another still nearer further details of the enemy's craft become visible, and guns are trained on such vital spots as the bases of the funnels. The terrible results of well-directed fire in this direction can be readily imagined, involving, as it would, both masts and funnels.

As the ships draw nearer fire is directed against the water-line of her enemy.

The ships are by this time approaching the 3,000 yards range, and when they come within this distance of each other our friend can launch her first torpedo.

The guns, meanwhile, will be firing at whatever spot seems most advisable, according to the manoeuvre and condition of the opposing vessel.

A torpedo is about 20 feet long and some 18 inches in diameter. It contains about 200 pounds gun-cotton, and it can be counted on as pretty straight for the best part of 3,000 yards. Torpedoes are discharged from tubes in the side of the fighting-ship below the water-line.

A big gun aboard ship can be fired at the rate of two shots a minute, and the shell from such a gun has a firing charge that weighs 2 cwt.

The cost of naval weapons is on a par with their powers of destruction. For example, the Dreadnought twelve-inch guns cost about $50,000 each, while a barbette fitted with a couple of these guns costs about $500,000 by the time the whole is in position.

The cost of a torpedo tube is $15,000 and that of the torpedo itself some $2,500. A Dreadnought, when complete and fitted for service, has cost about two million pounds, or approximately $10,000,000.

And one well placed torpedo could send her, and her crew of about a thousand men, heading to the bottom of the sea! Such an overwhelming power has never yet been fully tested, but with such brilliant marksmanship as has been displayed already in this war, and such scientific advantages as the British navy possesses, that must be prodigious.

One Torpedo.

The other day a British submarine suddenly popped up its nose in the midst of a whole covey of German cruisers huddling together under the shadow of a fortress. Instantly there was a terrific bustle and noise of battle! Cannons thundered on all sides, the water around where the daring visitor had been visible for a second or two was lashed into foam by shot and shell slapped into it at hap-hazard.

When a breathing time came, and the smoke had cleared away, the handsome German battle cruiser "Hela," was noticed as frantically calling for help. Boats were lowered in all haste. Life buoys were flung out as an added precaution. But before her crew could be taken off she had completely disappeared.

In that fraction of a minute when she appeared above water the submarine had marked and stricken her prey with one torpedo. There was no saying that expensive ship when the awful missile had gone true to its aim.

Then there was vengeful search for the deadly little visitor, and giant warships fired again and again at tiny fragments of the Hela's far flung wreckage fearing it might be the periscope of the submarine. For four hours the plucky seamen held their little craft still "at the bottom of the deep blue sea," and the panic then went on. Then she stole out to where Britain's fleet rode at anchor [illegible] prickly hedge watch the remnants of the German fleet never dared to negotiate.

There the submarine reported herself to her mother ship, with a request for a new supply of torpedoes and her crew set to work to make coffee.

A torpedo is an awfully efficacious weapon of war!

Rules of the Game.

In fighting at sea, the men who handle our naval guns are burdened by few set rules, further than that laid down by the historical royal command "to seek out and destroy the enemy." The destruction is complete in these days of metal ships. There is no fighting on with masts a-wash, and pumps working to enable the ship to drift away into quieter waters for refitting.

When a modern steel ship is struck in a vulnerable spot, there is no waterlogging, she "Sinks like Lucifer, never to rise again." If necessary her crew looks are opened that she may sink, and avoid disgraceful capture when defeated. Captures are unlikely in modern warfare. The game is played to a finish.

In firing upon land, naval guns do frightful execution.

At the siege of Alexandria where a 100 ton gun was first fired in action, her shell struck a bastion like fort, and a dense cloud of dust and powder shrouded its effect for a time. When that had cleared away, men looked at one another in amazement. Of that big frowning fortress of stone, not one fragment appeared to stand upon another. It had gone and its place was as though it never had been, or so it seemed to the men on H. M. S. Northampton, who described this to the writer.

Kaiser's Apocryphal Guns.

The Kaiser caused the news to circulate in France that he was bringing 16-inch naval guns (!!) to the siege of Paris. He has no gun of any such calibre, and if he had, there is no known means whereby such a monster—with its carriage some 100 to 125 tons—could be transported along ordinary roads for any long distance.

But the horror of bombardment with big naval guns was intended to strike the imagination of Parisians, and send the coward fear into their souls.

The Hague Convention has laid down rules to which all the parties to the present war have given their formal assent, governing the bombardment of cities which run as follows:

"The bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports, towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings is forbidden.

"A place may not be bombarded solely on the ground that automatic submarine contact mines are anchored off the harbour."

If bombardment should take places—which can happen if food be refused or shots be fired the limits of immunity are stated in Article (3) of the same convention (9):

"In bombardments by naval forces all necessary steps must be taken by the commander to spare as far as possible buildings dedicated to public worship, art, science, or charitable purposes, historical monuments, hospitals, and places where the sick or wounded are collected, provided that they are not used at the time for military purposes.

"It is the duty of the inhabitants to indicate such monuments, edifices, or places by visible signs, which shall consist of large, stiff, rectangular panels, divided diagonally into two triangular portions, the upper portion being painted black, the lower portion white."

Article (3) of the eleventh convention runs as follows:

"Vessels employed exclusively in coast fisheries or small boats employed in local trade, together with their appliances, rigging, tackle, and cargo, are exempt from capture."

But it may be taken for granted that something serious is likely to happen when British seamen take to slinging shot and shells from their monster guns, though they are not likely to violate any treaty engagements they have entered into.

The Fields of the Future.

Though gone the ancient gear of War—
though men
Fight not with axe, and mace, and
moonlike targe—
Still does the ancient war-race goad
them, when
The bugles sound a charge.

To that primeval passion may we yet
Give ampler range, in fields of vaster
marge!
Galnst War itself, when this war passes, let
Our bugles sound a charge.

WILLIAM WATSON,
In the London News.

Ships Guided By Invisible Patrols.

One of the problems which has threatened the British authorities in war time, is that of supplying an expeditionary force with food, and of making provision for the feeding of the people in the United Kingdom.

If a country at war with Britain managed to defeat or cripple the British fleet the situation would be a very serious one indeed, for the Motherland is largely dependent on the world for its food supplies.

The vessels carrying her foodstuffs reach Great Britain from all parts of the world, and the larger part of the food is obtained in British possessions far distant from home.

This is shown in one requisite, wheat, and according to the British trade reports the importations for one year are just under 60,000,000 hundredweight from the British Empire and 50,000,000 hundredweight from foreign countries.

The British figure wheat by the hundredweight or 112 pounds, or in quarters, but here the amount is figured in bushels. A bushel of wheat is 60 pounds, so that a hundredweight is nearly two bushels by rough calculation.

From the British Empire Canada furnishes approximately 40,000,000 bushels; India, 50,000,000 bushels, and Australia, 22,000,000 bushels. The United States furnishes about 37,000,000 bushels; Russia, 18,000,000 bushels and Argentina 4,000,000 bushels.

Convoying Merchant Ships.

This wheat is only one item. Meat also is imported from Australia, New Zealand, Argentina and the United States, and barley, corn, oats, rice, butter, cheese and other items from all parts of the world. With this in view it has been absolutely necessary that the many steamship lines from all parts of the world should be protected, and to this end the huge British fleet has been always in motion.

Years ago the method of convoying was very different from the work of the present day. In former years fleets of cargo vessels have been loaded in different ports and when they have been ready to start for home a squadron of warships has been ready to sail with the fleet of food carriers and has guarded them across the ocean, sometimes safely and sometimes they have been attacked by the enemy and some of the food carriers captured or sunk.

Now the guarding is done by an invisible fleet and this is all through the use of the wireless. The most important lane for vessels running from this country to Great Britain is across the North Atlantic and the navy of England has made the travel on that lane safe through a very simple and systematic method.

Some time ago, primarily at the suggestion of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, a system of naval ships was started in the Atlantic with a view to notifying all ships of the proximity of icebergs. These patrol ships have rendered valuable service at the present time, and since the outbreak of the war the patrol system, but on a much bigger scale, has been instituted by the navy.

There are several British warships patrolling the North Atlantic lane and they are working in a method very similar to that of sentries. Each one of these vessels has a section to patrol and runs between Halifax, N.S., and the Irish coast each has not over 300 miles to protect. They are in touch one with the other all the time and the vessels of commerce that are crossing the ocean are in touch with these warships all the time as well.

The captains of the commercial vessels take instructions from the warships which they are to go.

"It is an uncanny way to travel," said one skipper who had made the trip across the ocean recently. "We go on day and night and are constantly in touch with one or another warship and yet we seldom see one of them. They keep out of sight, but they are telling us just on what line to steam, where we will meet some other vessel and what we are to do.

"In case we should run near some cruiser of the enemy, which, however, is not very likely now, we could keep out of the way until help came and then slip on while the British vessel was paying its attention to the former."

These are the patrols which will enable the Canadian Expeditionary force to reach England or Europe safely.

An Invocation Before Battle.

Men of Yorkshire, men of Kent,
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!
Ye who into battle went
For your faith, and ye who spent
For your King your blood and tears.

Answer us who call you now,
Speak across the vanished years
From the harvest fields aglow,
Battlefields of long ago,
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!

War has rent the veil that hides
England's strength, and it appears
Commonwealth now by Water rides,
And by ye the Ironsides,
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!

Still the noble forelands stand,
Still her green is seen to wear,
Still the flag of England grand
Waves above the English land,
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!

One for King and country all,
Heedless how the battle veers.
Sound the bugle! At the call
Help us, so we hold the wall,
Ironsides and Cavaliers!
—H. de Vere Stacpoole, in the London Express.

A BRITISH BULLDOG.

FORWARD 13.5 INCH TURRET GUNS OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

John Bull's Hammer.

Written by Frank H. Wilson, B.C., for The Family Herald and Weekly Star. All rights of republication reserved.

Can you hear the hammer,
The old rivet hammer,
With the mystic and masterly swing?
Going rat-ta-tap-tap,
Like the step of a cat,
Then, ting-a-ling-ding-ding-ding!
It's swinging and ringing,
Biffing and binging,
Clanging, whanging and banging away,
Hear the old hammer sing
"Ah, the fleet is the thing,"
That's what the hammer would say.

Chorus.

Tid-de-i, did-de-i, ting-a-ling-ding
Rat-ta-tap, rat-ta-tap, ting-a-ling-ding.
John builds the ships, he fires the forge
He makes the anvil ring,
We'll fight the ships for Royal George
God bless our Sailor King.

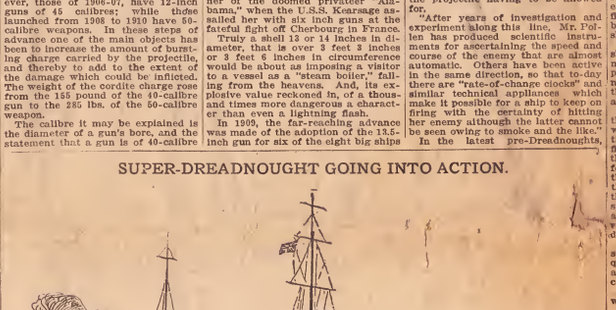
Yes I hear the hammer,
The old rivet hammer,
It's speaking as clear as a bell;
It stands us in hand
And all understand
What the hammer is trying to tell.
It's John Bull's hammer,
His old rivet hammer,
He's swinging it night and day
Welding an Empire;
That Empire entire
Can break any barrier, placed in her way.

Chorus.

Long swing the hammer;
Strong swing the hammer;
Deftly defiantly swing;
Keep a fleet on the deep,
That can force the retreat
Of all the foes of the King.
It's the song of the free he would sing,
There's hope in his ting-a-ling-ding,
"Twas her rat-ta-tap-tap
Put us on the map
And is keeping us there, ting-a-ling!

Chorus.

SUPER-DREADNOUGHT GOING INTO ACTION.



BIG GUNS LOADED AND BEING TRAINED FORWARD.

IN A DREADNOUGHT'S AMMUNITION CHAMBER.

MANIPULATING THE CHARGING SUPPLY FOR THE BIG GUNS.

INSIDE A DREADNOUGHT'S TURRET.

RAMMING HOME A SHELL IN A 13.5 INCH GUN.

"It's a Way They Have In the Navy"

The Navy way of doing things, on the face of it, looks dangerous, and you would think that they must have suffered for it, says an English writer.

But they have not. While the Army air pilots were being killed here and there, the sailors were getting off unscathed. They were smashing up machines, it is true, but every smashed machine was a lesson learned, and when the machine was rebuilt there was generally some improvement put into it as a result of the smash.

Somehow the sailors generally seem to save their necks, and altogether they have only lost three or four men, while ten Army pilots were killed in a few weeks quite recently.

What happened regarding a new lubricating oil which was placed on the market is typical of the Navy—and the Army. The Army received some from the makers, and began a long series of tests, finding out the specific gravity and goodness knows what else.

The Navy got some of the oil, tipped it into the tank of a machine, and went flying to see how the motor liked it. The motor, lubricated with the new oil, ran sweeter than ever before. This was good enough for the Navy. It at once placed an order.

Weeks afterwards the Army was still carrying out its experiments with that oil.

Tales of Heroism From the British Trenches.

From the front comes the story of how the 9th Lancers repeated the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and how Captain Grenfell saved the British guns during the retreat from Le Coteau.

A portion of the story, as related to Mr. J. M. N. Jeffries, the special correspondent of The Daily Mail, who has been in contact with the British troops, is given below:—

Since the beginning of the fighting the German artillery has been the bane of our troops.

During the action in question, which took place close to the Belgian frontier, terrible havoc had been caused in our ranks by great shells from a battery of eleven guns posted inside a wood.

Cavalry Charge Guns.

By the disposal of large quantities of forage the guns had been given the appearance of small haystacks or something of the kind, and their first fire caused terrible loss among our men, who approached them unsuspectingly. These same guns continued their fire for several hours with continuous effect.

It seemed impossible to silence their fire when the 9th Lancers made their heroic attempt. The regiment rode straight at the guns, debouching into the open and charging under a hail of melinite or lyddite from other German guns.

I have not been able to get an accurate estimate of the distance they rode, but they reached their goal. Nothing could stop them, men and horses were infuriated. They reached the guns—heavy guns, almost approximating to siege guns—and cut down all the gunners and put the guns out of action.

Then, like their prototypes of Balaclava, they rode back, and on their return they fell in greater numbers still.

Capt. Grenfell's Gallant Deed.

Another gallant deed was that of Captain F. O. Grenfell, of the same 9th Lancers. He was hit in both legs, and had two fingers shot off at the same time.

Almost as he received these wounds a couple of guns posted near were deprived of their services, all of whom save one man were struck by bursting shrapnel. The horses for the guns had been placed under cover.

"We'll get the guns back," cried Captain Grenfell, and, at the head of a number of his men and in spite of his wounds, he did manage to harness the guns up and get them away. He was then taken to the hospital.

A splendid personal action, was that of the major of I Battle of the Royal Horse Artillery, who, in a rapid retirement while hostile cavalry were threatening and the battery horses disabled, pushed the battery into position with his own hands aided by his officers and men, along a road to a point of vantage.

The fire the battery was thence able to open counteracted the enemy's offensive.

A British Bayonet Charge.

There was a great feat of arms at Solesmes, east of Cambrai. A number of English infantry regiments—the East Lancashires, the Middlesex, the Rifle Brigade, the Hampshires, the Dorsets, and the Essex—but it is difficult to confirm with absolute accuracy—held an exposed position.

They were expecting support all day, but this support was delayed, the enemy crept round, and the British force, to avoid being encircled, charged the gradually closing German ring with the bayonet.

The men went at it yelling and shouting, and they got through where there was a gap of no more than eight hundred yards between the enveloping German forces. On this gap the German artillery was trained with bewildering regularity, and the loss of all these regiments was great.

A transport column taking rations for the Light Lancashires was captured by the Germans, and the East Lancashires had to do marches of 36 and 30 miles on successive days on two biscuits per man.

"But," as one of the regiment said, "we avenged ourselves by taking a German supply column next day."

Heroism of British Officer.

All the heroism that has been displayed by British troops in the present war will never be known. A few individual cases may chance to be heard of. Others will be known only to the Recording Angel. Two instances of extraordinary bravery on the part of officers are mentioned by a couple of wounded soldiers now lying in the London Hospital in the course of the narrative of their own adventures.

"One of them, a splendid fellow, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, said: "We were in a scrubby position just outside Mons from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. After four hours of action each of our six big guns was put out of action. Either the gunners were killed or wounded, or the guns themselves damaged. For the rest of the time—that is, until Monday morning, when we retired—we had to stick the German fire without being able to retaliate. It was bad enough to stand this incessant banging away, but it made it worse not to be able to reply.

"What happened to us happened to the Gloucesters. Their guns, too, were put out of action, and, like us, they had to stand the shell-fire for hours and hours before they were able to retire. What we would have done without our second in command I don't know.

"During the Sunday firing he got hit in the head. He had two wounds through the cap in the front and one or two behind, and lost a lot of blood. Two of our fellows helped to bind up his head, and offered to carry him back, but he said: "It isn't so bad. I'll be all right soon." Despite his wounds and loss of blood, he carried on until we retired on Monday. They, I think, they took him off to hospital.

Light on Fighting in Europe.

The following extracts of letters from British soldiers in Europe and interviews with wounded sent back to England help to throw light on the desperate fighting which has taken place the last few weeks.

"The heaviest losses occurred in covering the retirement on the Monday and following days, for it was then that the Germans thought all they knew in a German dictionary to transform our retirement into a rout, "writes a wounded lieutenant. "It was here that our guns were lost. Halted out in the open with weak infantry supports, and doing their best to stay the onward rush of the bluish-grey clouds of Germans, the artillerymen suffered terribly.

"German marksmen picked off the horses one by one, and when the German cavalry swooped down the men could not get the guns away. So long as possible they stuck to their posts, but the officers realized than it was a useless sacrifice attempting to save the guns, and they ordered their abandonment. I only saw one battery lost in that way.

"In another case where the German lancers swooped down and killed the last men of one battery, the situation was saved by a couple of companies of an Irish Fusilier battalion—the Munsters, I think—who rushed at the Germans with fixed bayonets and put them to flight, while the enemy's artillery secured a seasonable fire on them. Many of the Germans around that battery were killed, and, of course, the losses of our men weren't light.

Infantry Dragged Guns.

"The Fusiliers were furious when orders came that they were to abandon the guns as no horses were available. You could see them casting loving eyes on those guns all the time of the day, and at night, when the time came to fall back, the poor devils were dragging the guns with them, having captured a few German horses and supplemented them by men who were willing to become beasts of burden for the time.

"As the wounded were brought to the rear, we heard of the deeds of heroism from the men of the Royal Army Medical Corps in the fighting line—how an officer stood over the body of a private who had previously saved his life until he had spent his last shot from his revolver, and then fell seriously wounded, to be avenged the next moment by a burly sergeant who plunged his bayonet into the Prussian.

In a letter to his mother Private A. McGillivray, a Highlander, says: "Of my company only ten were unhit. I saw a handful of Irishmen throw themselves in front of a regiment of cavalry who were trying to cut off a battery of Horse Artillery. It was one of the finest deeds I ever saw.

"Not one of the poor lads got away alive, but they made the Germans think pay in kind, and, anyhow, the Artillery got away to account for many more Germans.

"Every man of us made a vow to avenge the fallen Irishmen, and if the German cavalrymen concerned were with the targets of every British rifleman and gunner they had themselves to thank.

"Later on they were finely avenged by their own comrades, who lay in wait for the German cavalrymen. The Irish lads went at them with the bayonet when they least expected it, and the Germans were a sorry sight."

"Business as Usual!"

"The battlefield is not the place to look for humour," said a Seaforth Highlander "but you find it there, all the same.

"The Wiltshires occupied a dangerous position in one of our retiring actions, and at a critical moment the ammunition ran out. A party of men volunteered to cross the open under heavy rifle and shell fire to the ammunition to go out with some of our chaps who appeared to have more than they needed.

"When they came back, and the men began to reload, the wag of the regiment, a Cockney, who had just been reading in the papers that your motto at home was 'Business as Usual,' brought out an old biscuit tin on which he had put the notice, and turned it towards the Germans as a hint that our men were ready for them again. It wouldn't convey much meaning to them, but anyhow it was a nice target, at which they aimed, and when the joker was forced by his mates to take it in again he was hit twice in the arms—fortunately not very seriously."

Shot Lodged in Soldier's Pocket.

A trooper of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who arrived in London, said:—

"I managed to escape until the last stage of the retirement, when I was struck on my thigh. I remember a shrapnel shell exploding, and merely thought that somebody had hit me on the leg. I didn't think any more about it till the next day, when my leg felt queer, and I looked to see what was the matter with it.

"Then I found a hole, holding out had entered my right thigh and gone through until it reached the opposite side, which happened to be pressing against the horse. In some funny manner it had flown back, made another hole in my tunic, and landed in my pocket. I found two holes in my pocket and two in my pants.

"The doctor, he added, dropped out a round leaden pellet, the size of a raspberry.

"The Germans aren't fighters," he continued, "but whatever else people may say, their artillery is good. It's awful—but they can't use a rifle for nuts.

"We have bamboo lances. The Uhlans carry iron lances, with three rings not far from the top, so that when they dig you they twist the lance round and tear the flesh. They also have a hook on the end of the lance. If they miss with the point they swing the lance round and hook you with the other end."

German Guns Swept Trenches.

There is a consensus of opinion that the German artillery is deadly. A private of the Manchester Regiment said:—

"Aeroplanes flew over us until we hated the sight of them. They would stay over us for a bit and then fly back, and only five minutes later the German artillery would start and get our position exactly. Their rifle fire we didn't mind a bit; it was the shelling that chalked us up.

"The West Kents were made an awful mess of. They were entrenched in a valley, and somehow the enemy got round them and swept the trenches with shells."

He added to the evidence of German brutality.

"The Germans don't know how to fight decently," he stated. "They flag and wave a white flag, and when they see R.A.M.C. men with stretchers they bayonet them in the wrists so that they cannot pick up the wounded.

GERMAN "SPY" ADVERTISEMENT.

This is the "Bouillon Kub" poster which the German army employed as a silent messenger for spies through the entire north of France. The Germans had pressed on through Belgium and were well into France before the French Army discovered that the many "Bouillon Kub" posters really were sign boards and guiding posts for the advancing German army.

Under the pretence of advertising a new brand of bouillon cubes, spies of the German army worked through France from Paris to Belgium and from the Channel to Alsace-Lorraine, putting up these posters. The wording on each one was different and later these words were found to be in a code employed by the German army.

For instance, "3 Teller 10 Pfennig," as on the poster above, was found to mean:—"Masked batteries or entrenchments one and one-half miles south of this road."

"Six Teller 20 Pfennig" on another poster was found to mean "roads and river bridges mined in this vicinity." The other wording on the posters was changed to indicate the proximity of food supplies, the supply of horses that could be seized and other military information.

Upon a German officer who was captured in the fighting around Charleroi the French found a code book in which there was an important meaning for every word and phrase on the bouillon cube posters. It was then that the French discovered that the poster advertisements really were the messages of German spies. Then French soldiers were sent through that large area of France to tear down the enemy's guide posts.

That Germany intended to declare war upon France long before it did so is indicated by the fact that the poster "advertising" campaign was begun suddenly in the latter part of May, the boards being rented for a year with payment in advance.

Over Went the Organ, the Tables, Chairs and Piano!

In these days, when very little news is allowed to pass the censors so as not to divulge the whereabouts of our troops and ships of war, letters sent home from men "called to the war" make interesting reading.

A graphic description of a British warship clearing for action and rushing "to deal with an armed cruiser" is given in the following extracts from a British blue-jacket's letter to his mother:—

You must, I know, be worrying about me now that we have fallen out with Germany. You need not be anxious over me, as we are all right and expect to remain so.

We arrived at ——— coaled, and left the same night. Left harbor with band playing "Rule, Britannia." All the town came to see us go out. Very impressive. Arrived ——— and started patrol duty with other warships. Action evidently expected.

Pianos Thrown Overboard.

Started throwing all wooden things overboard so as to lessen the danger of fire. Two pianos just gone over and an organ. Chairs and tables follow suit. Officers' things being thrown over. It is just like throwing a gentleman's dining-room into the sea. The other ships with us were doing the same. The things that go floating by! (We are following fast) —sofas, tables, chairs—everything that can be thrown over is going. We have thrown over about £1,000 worth of stuff.

Tuesday night, prepared for action, 1 and stretcher party have got out the stretchers to pick up wounded. We're rushing full speed for ——. No sleep that night. We all got to sleep in the afternoon except those on watch.

4 p.m., tea, walk on deck, listen to the band playing ragtimes.

6 p.m., again cleared for action. I again bring out the stretchers to "pick up the bits."

11 p.m., engines stopped. Lights out, ports closed. The air is stifling. No one even on the mess-deck. We talk in whispers. They load the guns all ready to fire.

11.30 p.m., we are rushed full speed ahead in chase of something. No sleep that night. Stay on deck to get air. Sleep next afternoon.

Tuesday night, going dead slow. I am on deck unable to sleep. Watching the sea by the moon. Eight bells is struck; 12 midnight. Suddenly we turn round and rush full speed down —— to deal with an armed cruiser that might do trouble.

Dont worry, mother. Our ship will be all right. It is most likely we shall come home as soon as this is all over."

Sidelights on the Great War

Gunner Motley, of the 31st Battery, Royal Field Artillery, sends his parents a story of a great artillery duel last Christmas.

He says:—"One of our batteries was under perpetual fire the whole day. They showered shells at the boys of the bulldog breed, and things became very warm when the Germans found the range. The order was given at last to abandon the guns. This is the time when men don't obey orders. They stuck to their guns; they did, however, cease fire, and the Germans, who thought our guns were out of action, advanced rapidly. Then we wiped them off the face, and took many prisoners and eight guns."

A Parisian paper publishes a curious prophecy, uttered by a monk several years ago, in which he says:—

"The Anti-Christ will fight against the cock, who loses many feathers, and would soon be vanquished without the aid of the Leopard. The anti-Christ cohorts contain many Christians. Among his enemies are many Mohammedans and savages. The White Eagle will also come to help the cock, whose country is half invaded by the black eagle. Finally, the cock will drive out the black eagle's country in the west, while the white eagle attacks on the east.

"The conclusive battle will occur in the black eagle's country at the spot where the anti-Christ forges his weapons."

M. Péladan, who signs an article explaining the prophecy, is a well-known mystic and head of the Rosicrucian Society. He has independent means, and is a frequent contributor to the Figaro. The prophecy ends with this statement:—

"The anti-Christ will die mad and exiled and the white eagle will expel the crescent from Europe, and occupy Constantinople."

A trooper of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons, returned home invalided, says:—"One of our men carried his chum to a farmhouse under fire at Mons, and when the retreat was ordered they left him behind. A German patrol called at the house and found them. They were only two Irishmen—one wounded—against twelve Uhlans. They kept the Germans at bay behind furniture, and wounded and killed six; then the remaining six Germans ran off to bring a machine gun and destroy the house.

"Rather than being suffering on the farmer and family and the whole village, the two hunted Irishmen made a rush for it with some mad idea of taking the machine gun we brought against them. They got no further than the threshold of the door; there they fell dead, riddled, bespattering the walls of the house. They could have made terms with the Germans, but wouldn't do it."

The Prince of Wales will have Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, for a brother officer in the Grenadier Guards. Prince Alexander is the eldest of Princess Beatrice's three sons, and a grandson of the Queen of Spain. It is of Prince Alexander that the story is told how, when a small school boy, he wrote to his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, asking for "slight pecuniary assistance." The Queen wrote him rebuking him for this of extravagance. Shortly afterward he acknowledged the letter in these terms:—"Dear grandmother, I am sure you will be glad to know that I need not trouble you for any money just now, for I sold your last letter to another boy for thirty shillings."

One of the interesting ways in which electricity is used is that of flashing signals. These signals are used by day as well as by night, and they go upon their missions with the rapidity and certainty of thought. They come from powerful little searchlights mounted upon the field glasses of the signaler, and the energy is derived from a series of dry batteries strapped to the soldier's belt.

Out of the murky, silent, heavy night, leaps a tiny pencil of powerful light, quivers a moment, and then all is black again. Once, twice, thrice, this little beam is shot dancing over the night air to a point six miles away, where, in the course of a minute, it is sent on again. It is the signal for a night attack over 50 miles of battle front, and in a few minutes the little speed messenger has delivered its orders.

A private of the Second Royal Scots, nicknamed "Joe," writes to his sister:—"Every night round our camp fire we take our photos out—that is, if we have any—then we have a 'sing-song.' The favorite songs are 'Never Mind' and 'The Last Boat is Leaving for Home.' The French people give us a great welcome in every town and village, but the Germans give us the best welcome. I never thought any of us would get away from them, but we kept them back and won the day with heavy losses. When all was over we lay in the trenches from four in the morning till six at night, with shells bursting all round. You would be talking to a man next you, and then turn round to see him lying dead."

The Explosives Used.

The only explosives used by the desolating German pioneers in their works of destruction are picric acid and tri-nitro-toluol. These are made up in small slabs weighing about 200 grammes each. The tools carried for demolition purposes are few in number and variety than are carried by a similar unit of pioneers in the British Army.

The German pioneer has to be ready to play at any moment the part of the infantryman. A considerable portion of his annual training is devoted to infantry work, and he is instructed in the use of the rifle and the hand grenade.

One of the really pathetic incidents of the fighting round La Frenoi is given in a letter written by Corporal Sam Haslett, who says:—

"The other day I stopped to assist a young lad of the West Kents who had been badly hit by a piece of shell. He hadn't long to live, and he knew it, too, but he wasn't at all put out about it. I asked him if there was any message I could take to any one at home, and the lad's eyes filled with tears as he answered:—"I ran away from home and 'listed a year ago. Mother and dad don't know I'm here, but you tell them from me that I'm not sorry I did it."

When I told our boys afterwards about that they cried like babies, but, mind you, that's the spirit that's going to pull England through this war, and there isn't a man of us that doesn't think of that poor boy and his example every time we go into fight. I got his name and last address of his people from his regiment, and I am writing to tell his people that they have every right to be proud of their lad. His may have run away from home, but he didn't run away from the Germans, any way.

At the first news of the war, Prince Henry of Prussia vanished from Cowes, and only privately has anything been since heard of him. His arrival in Berlin was as sudden and unexpected as his departure from England. At the moment of the Kaiser's speech from the balcony of the Royal Palace in regard to the declaration of war with Russia, a motor car made its way through the crowds and drove up to Prince Henry himself—very sunburned and very serious. An eye-witness says that the first sure sign of the trouble to the Empress. When the Royal party appeared on the balcony it was seen that she was weeping, and the crowd immediately guessed what the news would be. She stood weeping beside the Kaiser during the whole of his pronouncement.

"TOMMY ATKINS'" CORRESPONDENCE.

The correspondence of the British troops on active service in Europe is subject to strict censorship.

The delay and inconvenience of sending news home can be avoided, states the British Government Press Bureau, by the use of the printed postcards supplied free, of which the following is a specimen:—

NOTHING is to be written on this except the date and signature of the sender... Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the postcard will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital

sick | and am going on well.

wounded | and hope to be discharged

ing sent down to the base.

letter.

I have received your | telegram.

parcel.

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you lately.

for a long time

Signature | only

Date.....

DISTINGUISHES "THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE."

The Victoria Cross the supremest British reward for valor of which many will doubtless be won during the present campaign, is the youngest of such decorations, only dating back to the Crimean War in 1856, it is the most valued possession in many a home in Britain to-day. The Austrian Cross, on the other hand, is the oldest.

A similar reward in Germany is the Iron Cross, instituted by the Emperor Frederick William III. of Prussia in the year 1813. Russia gives as a decoration to its heroic soldiers the Cross of St. George, which was founded by the famous Empress Catherine II. in the year 1769, and, while the Victoria Cross is of bronze, and the Iron Cross as its name implies, of iron (which is gilded with silver), the Russian Order is of gold, with a beautiful medallion of St. George, killing the dragon.

In Austria, again, the cross is of gold, and was instituted in the year 1757 by the Empress Maria Theresa soon after her accession to the throne. It bears the same inscription as the British Victoria Cross, ours having in English "For Valour," and theirs in Latin the word "Fortitudini."

The Order of the Legion of Honor, which is the reward in France, was instituted by the great Napoleon, and he decreed that every soldier who was decorated with that honor should have the additional distinction of being entitled to receive a military salute from officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers.

CANADA FIGLIA.

Oh Motherland, Thy need is mine,
When mighty foes assail Thee sore
Thy peaceful heart is pierced in Thine
With grievous throes of unsought war;
Be mine the part Thy lot to share
And let us help Thy cross to bear.

Thine was the breast that nourished mine
And Thine the hand that helped me tread
Thy darksome hour of infancy.
When all was fraught with strife and dread
So thanks to Thee at length I stand
In might prepared to lend a hand.

Thy daughter boasts not many sons,
But those she has are staunchly true;
The Mother-land, that surging runs
In them, is loyal through and through;
So east and west they wended their way
To join the flag at Valcartier.

Her crops are ripening at Thy need,
And what she hath from sea to sea
Is Thine—her pleasure but to feed
Thy wish and prove conclusively
Oh Motherland, that while she lives
Not part, but all she gives.

F. TRACY HUBBARD.
Shediac, New Brunswick.

The Rainbow Stone One of Canada's Treasures.

The gift to Sir Thomas Lipton of a model in serpentine stone of his new racht has revived the interest in the beautiful stone, which some years ago was much in vogue.

Serpentine is often found in conjunction with asbestos. Canada produces about nine-tenths of the world's production of asbestos, which is largely used for insulating purposes and also for weaving into fireproof cloth.

In the Province of Quebec are to be found the largest asbestos mines in Canada. The production is large, and it is interesting to note that whereas in 1909 the exports of crude asbestos were valued at $1,758,057, in 1913 the figures had increased to $2,486,769.

And in the same province are also to be found some of the world's most beautiful deposits of serpentine.

It was In 1846, that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, when on a visit to Cornwall, England, were shown specimens of serpentine, which they admired so much that several large pedestals made of this stone were ordered for Osborne House.

The patronage thus secured brought serpentine into considerable fashion, and amongst others who at that time favoured it were the Marquis of Westminster, who ordered a pair of Luxon obelisks 14 feet in height; the Hon. Pemberton Lee, who bought the first and finest chimneypiece ever made in this material; and the then Duke of Devonshire, who had several large pedestals and pillars, unequalled for beauty and colour, made for his sculpture gallery at Chiswick.

During the rather short-lived boom in serpentine which followed, a manufactory on a large scale of a great variety of household and domestic ornaments, etc., was started at Pennance, which afterwards passed into the hands of a London company. Serpentine was exhibited at the exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and was awarded medals on both occasions.

Serpentine, it may be mentioned, gets it name from the variety of the colors which it presents. These colors are of the most beautiful and variegated description imaginable, black and green, perhaps, predominating, with a frequent mixture of dialage; but the choicest sorts are generally considered to be those which show the greatest number of tints, and chromatic combinations are as various and many as the figures in a kaleidoscope.

Some when cut and polished shine with a metallic green lustre on a reddish background. Then there is a rich jet black, a purple, a brown, a red, crimson, and bronze, and a cream-colored striped, dappled, or variously intermixed and blended with one or other tints. It well deserves the name of Rainbow Stone.

Several of the finest bank and other buildings in Canada are beautified by columns, pillars, panels, or floorings of this beautiful and variegated stone, which takes a perfectly exquisite polish.

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IT is the body-heat kept in that warms you. A heavy coat makes you hot for a time with the work of carrying it. Then you get tired and cold. Our overcoats are smartly made from long staple, British Wool Cloths that keep heat in and are as easy-fitting and comfortable as your own skin. Tailored in latest Canadian and London style, carriage and duty paid (50% less than Canadian prices) for $9. Highest price only $17

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GROVES & LINDLEY,
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HUDDERSFIELD, England.

39 2 1am

This Letter tells its own Story

Fort William, Ont.
June 22, 1914.

J. Lawrence Routly, Esq.,
Branch Manager,
Imperial Life Assurance Company,
Fort William, Ont.

Dear Sir:

I want to thank you and the Imperial Life Assurance Company, which you represent, for the prompt and generous treatment I received in the settling of my husband Thomas Buttar's claim.

I wish to express my appreciation of the Automatic Non-Forfeiture clauses contained in your policies. Had it not been for this the insurance would have been lost, as Mr. Buttar failed to pay his premium in full when it fell due 15th of January last.

I will always recommend your Company to those wanting insurance.

Yours very truly,
I. Buttar.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE
Assurance Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Branches and Agents in all Important centres

Brussels: The World's Second Paris

The capital of Belgium is known to most people as the home of Brussels laces and Brussels carpets.

According to tradition the origin of the city goes back to the sixth century when St. Gery, the Apostle of Belgium, fixed his abode on an island in the river Senne and gathered a village community round him to which he gave his own name.

Whether the tradition is authentic or not, both the town and its name has claim a history going back over at least fourteen centuries. Mention of Broeksele or Brucselle, "the village on the brook," occurs in the chronicles of the eighth and tenth centuries. Situated on one of the main Frankish roads, Brussels possessed considerable strategic and trading importance.

The Emperor Otto the Great founded or endowed the church of St. Gudule here in 966, and later in the same century Charles, Duke of Lorraine, made it the centre of his court. Afterwards it became the chief seat of the warlike Dukes of Brabant.

In the fifteenth century Brussels had grown from St. Gery's primitive settlement into a flourishing trading town of 45,000 inhabitants, a very large city under mediaeval conditions, though at the same epoch Ghent could number a quarter of a million citizens. It was then surrounded by the city wall, which, according to the chroniclers, took twenty-two years to build and which, remained until 1830.

Brussels Bombarded by French.

In its subsequent history the city saw the brilliant courts of the Dukes of Burgundy, and of the Spanish and Austrian Emperors. It was the scene of the first rising in the Netherlands against the Spanish domination.

During the war of the Spanish succession it was besieged and bombarded by the French under Villeroi, who piled the city with red hot shot. In the conflagration which ensued many of its ancient monuments were destroyed. Brussels has also its historical associations with the French Revolution, for in the Grand Place the French Republic was proclaimed by Dumouriez.

Modern Brussels, the beautiful and well-planned capital, dates from the revolution of 1830, when the uneasy partnership of Holland and Belgium was dissolved. Since that date the city has been practically transformed by the zeal and energy of its burgomasters, aided and supported by the Belgian rulers.

In particular Brussels owes much of its beauty to King Leopold II. Of him one of the recent historians of Belgium has said that "Brussels was little more than a provincial town when he came to the throne; he made it a city of palaces." Apart from the strategic reasons that dictated its abandonment at this time, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that the Belgian authorities should shrink from risking the destruction of the fruits of the labor of the last four generations by offering a resistance to its entry, which at best could have little military result.

Imposing Structures.

But despite the transformation which has made it a second Paris on a smaller, but scarcely less impressive scale, Brussels presents in its architecture many records of its long and varied history.

The churches of St. Gudule, and the old market place, the Grand Place, where the Dukes of Burgundy held their tourneys, and where the patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorn, were executed by the Spanish, carry the mind back to mediaeval times.

The University, housed in the palace built for Cardinal Granvelle by Sebastian and Jakob van Noyen, speaks of the Renaissance period. The upper town preserves its eighteenth century aristocratic flavor in contradistinction to the most modern and restless architecture of the Quartier Leopold. The fine buildings in the Belgian capital are numerous. The most imposing structure is the Palais de Justice. This gigantic building, the largest of the nineteenth century, covers an area considerably larger than St. Peter's at Rome, and in its strength and solidity recalls the monuments that have come down from the ancient civilization of Egypt and Assyria. It is indeed largely designed on the models of the temples at Karnak and Nineveh. This great structure, begun in 1866, was not completed until 17 years later, and cost about 12½ million dollars to construct.

Brussels, though 70 miles from the sea, may be said to have become one of Belgium's seaports, being connected by canal with the Scheldt and although occupied temporarily by the enemy, the national trade activity will not be greatly affected, for the capital is the centre of the nineteenth artistic and educational forces.

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